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CONDITION OF ARKANSAS. — It is officially stated that in Arkansas, during the three months preceding the calling out of the militia, there were received at the Governor's headquarters authentic accounts of over two hundred different murders perpetrated with impunity in that State, and very many of the most fiendish outrages; but during the forty days which have passed since martial law was declared, but one single murder and not a single outrage has been heard of in the State.

PREVENTION OF WAR. — Such is the one grand aim of our cause — to avert war when threatened in a given case, and to set at work causes and influences that shall insure its prevention in all coming time. This service the late Peace Congress at Paris attempted for Greece and Turkey with full success; and now both these governments have published a formal acknowledgment of their obligations for the service. Here is palpable proof of progress on the subject of peace; and we may well hope to see such cases of friendly, successful intervention multiplied.

STAGES OF REFORM. — John Stewart Mill, says: "All reforms have to pass through three stages, viz., *ridicule* — *argument* — *adoption*." With many the Peace Cause is now in the first of these stages, but the time is not distant when it will pass into the second, and then triumphantly into the third.

MILITARY GLORY WANING.

BY ANDREW P. PEABODY. D.D., LL.D.

The age of military glory has gone by. Civilization marks its progress in no way more surely than by the successive criterions of greatness. In the very earliest ages, mere physical force was the sole title to eminence. Thus the Hebrew Psalmist says, "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees;" and the author of the Book of Kings ranks the great men of David's court in the order of their bodily strength. As war became an art and a science, brute force gave place in men's esteem to military skill and prowess, and especially to dexterity and power in the management of armies. Subsequently, hereditary rank, wealth, and superior mental culture successively contested with military glory the right to pre-eminence, and somewhat divided the suffrages of civilized humanity. But until of late, though other paths have led to distinction, the heroes of successful war have held the first place in the hearts of men, have been most honored in bronze and marble, in history and song, have borne the names oftenest rehearsed in panegyric, and foremost in the grateful remembrance of their fellow citizens. But moral greatness is now on the ascendant; and this alone admits no rivalry. The hero of the battle-field, though ignoble, poor, and ignorant, can maintain a proud front before the nobly born, the opulent, and the learned; yet he falls at once into obscurity beside the saint, the philanthropist, the martyr. Our age, with many less hopeful characteristics, has this which distinguishes it from all preceding times, *that it accounts its best men its greatest.*

The obscuration of military fame first became a patent fact in the Crimean war. The last crop of military heroes was

that ripened by the wars which succeeded the first French Revolution. Their names are emblazoned on monuments, triumphal arches, statues all over Europe, have a proud place in history, and are household words for every child. But, if I mistake not, there is no great national monument of any kind erected in honor of any single hero of the Crimean war. There are, indeed, monuments to the fallen soldiers of individual regiments, and pillars inscribed with clusters of else unknown names. But though that war had its full proportion of valiant deeds, heroic exploits, master-strokes of strategy, no one name has been made illustrious by it, and we hardly remember who its leaders were. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE bore off its laurels, and will go down to posterity as its heroine. The mercy that saved life achieved a signal triumph over the prowess that destroyed life. The angel-ministries that shed rays of love and hope upon the lurid gleam of the warfires; the voices of Christian consolation that soothed the dying, and made the last of earth, the dawn of a happy immortality to many a departing soul; the frail, gentle, delicately nurtured women, who in the name and spirit of their Saviour went about doing good amidst havoc, desolation, and untold agony, the names written in heaven; — these are the only names inscribed in letters of living light in this chapter of human history.

Our late war has a similar record. It has not left a single military commander who can promise himself enduring and unclouded fame. It has broken down and ruined many aspirants for unwithering laurels. It has made us admire the single-hearted patriotism of some whose military genius was unequal to the crisis. It has developed rare abilities in others who yet lack qualities essential to exalted heroism. It furnishes not a single leader's name, which will be associated in the country's second birth with the names of the great men who achieved her independence, and gave her a place among the nations.

Yet this conflict has its heroes of imperishable renown. Foremost among them is our martyred President, at heart a man of peace, abhorrent of fratricidal blood, holding forth the olive branch persistingly to those who despised and scorned his overtures, through the whole sad drama his generous soul yearning to welcome back to their allegiance the truant States and their recreant citizens. Then there were those hundreds of noble youth who entered the conflict with no thought of fame, with no love for the "garments rolled in blood," but with a dear love of country, with a sacred zeal for liberty, with tender pity for the enslaved, with a true martyr spirit, men whose humane sympathies were extended alike to friend and foe, who bore no malice, but who offered up their lives in pure and self-forgetting patriotism. These have their enduring monuments in our churches, in our places of public concourse, in our hearts, in the undying gratitude of their ransomed nation; and never was a nation redeemed by sacrifices so costly and so precious. The complement of our heroes is filled by the untiring, self-devoting labors of the agents of our Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and, above all, by those sisters

of charity, whose courage, fortitude, energy, self-denial, have a fame which can only brighten with the lapse of years, and which will show its register in the Divine "book of remembrance" when God shall "make up his jewels."

SYDNEY SMITH ON WAR. — I am sorry I did not, in the execution of my self-created office as a reviewer, take an opportunity to descant a little on the miseries of war; and I think this has been unaccountably neglected in a work abounding in useful essays and ever on the watch to propagate good and wise principles. It is not that human beings can live without occasional wars; but they may live with fewer wars, and take more just views of the evils which war inflicts upon mankind. If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale deaths of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more misery inflicted on mankind by one year of war, than by all the civil peculations and aggressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet, gold and cock's feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures! It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against the passion for military glory, which really seems the most fruitful source of human misery.

CHRISTIAN WITNESSES FOR PEACE.

PRESBYTERIANS. — *Dr. Macleod.* War is a school of vice, a nursery of debauchery. By it cities are sacked, and countries laid waste. The dearest ties of kindred are unloosed; fathers made childless, children fatherless, and wives converted into widows. What more cruel, and less congenial with the spirit of the gospel?

Dr. Beman. The character of war is not less incompatible with the genius of the gospel, and an advanced stage of intellectual refinement, than that of despotism or slavery. It is a relic of barbarism which would long since have disappeared from human society, had the laws of nations kept pace with the positive statutes which govern the political and social compact. With two guardian angels, — Christianity on my right hand, and Science on my left, — methinks I am conducted to an eminence from which I survey the surrounding and subjected world. The freshness of Eden covers the scene, and the smile of heaven gilds the prospect. The trumpet of carnage is blown no more; nor does the crimson flag ever again unfurl itself to the breeze. The demon of vengeance, ever hungry for human flesh, is chained, and commissioned no more to imprint his bloody footsteps upon the earth; nor do the sighing zephyrs ever again waft the death-groans of murdered victims. The ensanguined field is no more covered with the mangled bodies of the slain; nor do the broad streams of blood ever again pursue their dark, and deep, and melancholy course amid the shouts of victory, and the agonies of despair. The wife is no more hastened into widowhood, nor her babes consigned to orphanage. The bow of victory is broken, the spear of death is cut asunder, and the chariot of conquest is burned in the fire. This is a consummation devoutly to be sought; an enterprise which may well command our most vigorous efforts while we live, and the successful termination of which will deserve to be perpetuated by a monument as high as heaven.

CONGREGATIONALISTS. — *Dr. Dwight.* War has prevailed in every age, and through every country; and in all it has waded through human blood, trampled on human corpses, and laid waste the fields and dwellings, the happiness and the hopes of mankind. It has been employed to empty earth, and people hell, to make angels weep, and fiends triumph over the deplorable guilt and debasement of the human character. We slaughter thousands and millions in war, and then plant laurels amid the bones, and nourish them with the blood of those whom we have destroyed. Yet, to men of such characters, statues are erected, nay, temples have been built, and altars have smoked with victims. To them, the page of the historian, and the harp of the poet are consecrated. To their praise the sculptor bids the marble breathe, and the painter teaches the canvas to glow. They live in palaces, and are entombed in mausoleums.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable, pine coffin. No flowers on its top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the chariot-box; and, as he gazed into the rough face, agonized tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which a childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry, "Only once; let me see my mother only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stopped, panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes distended, his lips sprung apart, a fire glittering through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man, I will kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child. A monument, much stronger than granite, was built in his boy-heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any man appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward, with a firm tread and kindly eye, to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir? I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life